

The TATLER

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London
October 4, 1939



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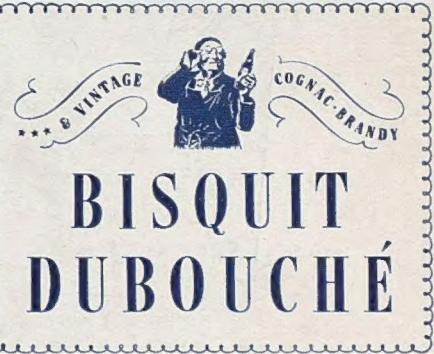
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The TATLER

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Poole, Dublin

HAPPY EIRE! RACING AS USUAL

—LORD AND LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH AT PHOENIX PARK

The Phoenix Park Meeting run in weather that was as beautiful as the surrounding world circumstances are ugly, attracted amongst a host of other well knowns, Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish who came up from Lismore to see their horse Kilfeakle run in the Santry Plate which was, however, won by Mr. E. McGrath's Bambola. Lady Charles Cavendish, as most of the world knows, is one of the best liked people in her adopted country, and is still ever ready to make use of the talent of Adèle Astaire in any charitable cause

And the World Said—



Bassano
MRS. VIVIAN SCHOFIELD

Mrs. Vivian Schofield is shortly to marry Lieutenant Edward Charles FitzClarence, Irish Guards, cousin and heir of the Earl of Munster. Mr. FitzClarence's father was Brigadier-General Charles FitzClarence, V.C., killed in action at the first battle of Ypres in 1914. The wedding will take place at the Caxton Hall Register Office

THAT this war is being fought to make the world safe for Communism is bound to be said soon. Four years ago Eric Linklater wrote a shrewd, somewhat *risqué*, fantasy "The Impregnable Women," in which he opined that the democracies would regiment themselves on the same totalitarian lines as the big noises in order to win. This regimentation is in full career, but one of the chief hopes that all our liberties will not be taken from us in the name of bureaucracy, lies in the vigilance of Mr. Arthur Greenwood. It is the Labour Members, not the toffs, who are protesting against too much Dora, too many departmental ditties and all the rot attached to and by red tape. Oddly enough those Government schemes which have gone agley already (notably the Snark-like plan by which Billingsgate was transferred to Blair Atholl without the co-operation of the fish concerned, who went bad from sheer annoyance at not being consulted) appear



Truman Howell

REGIMENTAL SOCCER PARTY

Lady Tredegar took tea with the officers of the 7th Battalion, the Monmouthshire Regiment, before kicking off at a regimental soccer match. Lord Tredegar is honorary colonel of the regiment. Lady Tredegar was the Princess Olga Dolgorouky, and Count Hilarian Woronzow-Daschkow is her brother. Included in the group are: Captain H. Ware, Captain T. Stephens, Captain K. Wood, Lieutenant and Mrs. T. A. Rickard, Viscountess Tredegar, Major N. Lloyd Wade and Count Hilarian Woronzow-Daschkow



SISTERS THREE

These three charming ladies are Mrs. Owen Roberts, Mrs. Peter Williams and Mrs. Michael Portman, formerly the Misses Pat, Hilary and Madeline Charles, daughters of Mr. David Charles. Mrs. Portman's marriage to Lord Portman's cousin was dissolved last year

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MISS BARBARA STERN, MR. MICHAEL DUDLEY, MR. J. SEYMOUR, MISS BRENDA BOWDEN AND MR. JOHN VESEY AT QUAGLINO'S

BEHIND LONDON'S BLACK-OUT



MISS B. GREENISH WITH LORD SELSDON
AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS



ANOTHER PICTURE OF MISS STERN, WITH
HER PARENTS, MR. AND MRS. BERTIE STERN

Though London's streets are still black, restaurants and places where they dance are (behind light traps reminiscent of the older sorts of night club) turning up their lights to shine "o'er fair women and brave men." The main change from pre-war days is sartorial: uniforms and the lounge suits of civil defence workers (with uniforms of khaki and navy and air force blue markedly predominant) having invaded the strongholds of the white tie. Quaglino's and the Café de Paris were among the first to adjust themselves to war conditions and now are nightly gathering to themselves people temporarily "off parade." Among those seen by the camera Mr. Michael Dudley and Miss Barbara Stern have just announced their engagement; Mr. J. Seymour comes from the just-now-very-hard-worked United States Embassy in London; Lord Selsdon, whose father was Postmaster-General, is very well known in motor racing circles; Lady Alix Cadogan is younger sister of the seventh Earl, and the Hon. Mrs. William Bethell is the wife of Lord Bethell's younger son



MISS AVERIL LLOYD AND MR. PETER
MILLER-MUNDY



LADY ALIX. CADOGAN, MR. DUNNING WHITE, THE HON. MRS. WILLIAM BETHELL, MR. JOHN DU PREE AND MISS URSULA GIBBONS

Photos: Swaebe



A STAR OFF DUTY—AND A CHARMING FRIEND

Mrs. William T. Wetmore, popular New York "socialite," and Errol Flynn, the last news about whom was that he had decided to play the star rôle in Warner Brothers' re-make of *The Sea Hawk*. Mrs. Wetmore is the former Joan Deery and the picture was taken on the starlight roof of the Waldorf-Astoria.

DURING the thirty years and more that I have been pursuing the art, trade, or anyhow vocation of dramatic critic, I have never understood what is meant by the phrase about "developing a character." Shakespeare is said to develop the character of, say, Hamlet, and I just do not know what this signifies. Does it mean that, beginning with a figure about whom we know nothing, Shakespeare so develops his explanation of that character that at the end of the play we know all about him? I see no merit in this, because it is something which the biggest fool of an author cannot help doing, since, starting from nothing whatever, everything he tells you must be plus. Or does the phrase mean that Hamlet himself develops in the course of the play, and develops in the sense that at the end of the play he is not the same "bloke" that he was at the beginning. But this is untrue of Hamlet, who is exactly the same person when he says: "The rest is silence!" as when he starts on his very first soliloquy. Macbeth is a different case altogether. At the beginning of the drama he does but play with the idea of murder, and has never heard of the quality of remorse. At the end he is a whole tree of it, shaking in every bough. Will somebody please tell me, then, what dramatic critics mean when they talk about Shakespeare "developing" the characters of Hamlet and Macbeth? I suppose they refer only to the dramatist's *handling* of the character whether that character intrinsically changes or not, the incidents and soliloquies in each case adding further facets to what we have already been told.

In the same way I must suppose that each new instalment in the endless saga of the Hardy family on the films develops the character of Andy Hardy as portrayed by Master Mickey Rooney. Development, of course, in the sense that each new adventure adds to what we already know of Andy, which is totally unaffected by the fact that Master Mickey Rooney is rapidly becoming Mr. Mickey Rooney. I am not at all sure, however, that our knowledge is not approaching saturation point. Miss Dilys Powell, one of our most sensitive film critics, enormously surprised me the other day in her notice of *Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever* at the Empire. She said: "The screen personality of Mickey Rooney I find increasingly uninteresting." The word I boggle at here is "increasingly." Thirty years of criticism have taught me that it is not my business to quarrel with any other critic's estimate of anybody. If Miss Powell or any other film critic finds Mickey Rooney uninteresting, so be it. If interesting,

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

The Progress of Andy Hardy

also so be it. What I fail to see is how this brilliant boy actor's personality can be *increasingly* anything. It has, for me, become something fixed, determined and unalterable. It is today as much a part of my mental landscape as the signs of the zodiac which do not change. It is more certainly a part of that landscape than the geography of Fleet Street which is always changing, while there is a possibility that the Street itself will in these days suddenly find itself at Fleetwood or Fishguard!

Andy Hardy has now become a character as fixed as anything in the works of Charles Dickens. Is it too great a stretch of literary licence to suggest that all the figures in great novels possess the changelessness of the figures on the poet's Grecian Urn? For ever will Mr. Pickwick put his hand behind his coat tails. For ever—but to continue in this strain would be to go on for ever! The point is that there is one Dickens character who is the English lower-class version of Andy Hardy's middle-class American boy. This is the wonderful and immortal creation—Trabb's Boy in *Great Expectations*. Does the reader remember Pip's encounter with what Dickens calls "that unlimited miscreant"?

Casting my eyes along the street at a certain point of my progress, I beheld Trabb's boy approaching, lashing himself with an empty blue bag. Deeming that a serene and unconscious contemplation of him would best beseem me, and would be most likely to quell his evil mind, I advanced with that expression of countenance, and was rather congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly the knees of Trabb's boy smote together, his hair uprose, his cap fell off, he trembled violently in every limb, staggered out into the road, and crying to the populace, "Hold me! I'm so frightened!" feigned to be in a paroxysm of terror and contrition, occasioned by the dignity of my appearance. As I passed him, his teeth loudly chattered in his head, and with every mark of extreme humiliation, he prostrated himself in the dust. . . .

I had not got as much farther down the street as the post office, when I again beheld Trabb's boy shooting round by a back way. This time he was entirely changed. He wore the blue bag in the manner of my great-coat, and was strutting along the pavement towards me on the opposite side of the street, attended by a company of delighted young friends, to whom he from time to time exclaimed, with a wave of his hand, "Don't know yah!" Words cannot state the amount of aggravation and injury wreaked upon me by Trabb's boy, when, passing abreast of me, he pulled up his shirt collar, twined his side hair, stuck an arm akimbo, and smirked extravagantly by, wriggling his elbows and body, and drawing to his attendants, "Don't know yah, don't know yah, pon my soul, don't know yah!"

Where's your "development" now?—I feel inclined to ask. Never, never, though winning near the goal can Pip elude those awful encounters with Trabb's Boy. "For ever panting and for ever young" wrote Keats, and for ever will Pip pant with apprehension, and Trabb's Boy come round that corner in full flush of youth and mockery! So, as far as I am concerned, with Andy Hardy whose personality merges so miraculously into that of Mickey Rooney. In the present film we see him suffering from calf-love for an elocution mistress in a dramatic class. She turns him down with the artful suggestion that in the next couple of years two dozen girls will fall for his youthful charm. "Gee!" says Andy, "did you say two dozen in two years?" And the look in Andy's eye suggests some American Trabb's Boy coming round the corner prepared to make hay among American girlhood. A delightful film!

J. A.

HOW TO HAVE A CHEERFUL BLACK-OUT

The well-known wallpaper firm of Sanderson have hit on a rather novel black-out idea. They have produced a black paper for pasting on windows which is backed up with various wallpapers. Instead of looking at funereal black from the inside of your windows you can now have a choice of two chintz designs, a plain oatmeal shade or an imitation wood effect. This double paper can be had in six-yard rolls 22 ins. wide at prices from 2/- to 2/3 a roll.

CUBBING AS USUAL—

THE BICESTER AND OTHERS CARRY ON



AT STRATTON COPE ONE FINE MORNING: MRS. DAVID WILSON AND MRS. SMITH - BINGHAM



YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS: MISS BECKWITH-SMITH AND HER BROTHER JOHN



LIEUTENANT G. WADE, R.A., OUT WITH THE OLD BERKS



BICESTER REGULARS: MRS. GOSLING AND LADY GEORGINA AGAR



A NEW OLD BERKS JOINT-MASTER: MRS. WALTON CARRIES ON

It is reassuring to see from these pictures that fox-hunting has not allowed Herr Hitler to interfere unduly with its normal pursuits. Cubbing is in full swing and, except for a preponderance of ladies in the field and glimpses of the uniforms of officers lucky enough to get a morning off, proceeding much as usual. Among those out with the Bicester when they met at Stratton Close near their kennels at Stratton Audley were, as will be observed, Mrs. Smith-Bingham, whom Warwickshire also knows well, and Lady Georgina Agar who is Lord Normanton's eldest sister. So far as we know at the present moment our friends Brigadier-General Giles Courage (Colonel 15/19th Hussars) and Mr. R. E. Field-Marsham (late the Bays) are carrying on—but they are both soldiers, so how can any one say when every one is here today and gone tomorrow?



MISS MURIEL AND MISS JOAN HILL-DILLON AT PHENIX PARK RACES LAST WEEK

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. S. S. Hill-Dillon's daughter are very well-known pursuers of the Meath Hounds at the appropriate season of the year. Colonel Hill-Dillon was formerly in the Royal Irish Rifles, is a steward of the Irish Turf Club and won the Irish Cesarewitch a few years ago with Soliman's Feast

the powers that be to do so. In the interests of racing and breeding this cessation will have a salutary effect as causing the disappearance of the majority of the very large number of bad horses running on the British turf today. Moderate mares and stallions will be scrapped, and yearlings that don't look like being worth their keep will be "liquidated," to quote our Faschevic enemies. On the other hand there is a large quantity of capital sunk in these animals, and after the war owners and breeders will be the poorer by this, as well as by smaller dividends and higher taxes. It is, however, the owners who count, for if it is made possible for them to race on anything like fair terms, demand will create supply, and the breeders will come into their own again.

It is therefore, a "break" for the owners which *must* be organized. Racing was presumably started by rich men impelled by the strange urge to own the fastest horse. Every known form of "go-getter" fastened on to them, like so many parasites. People bred horses to sell them, companies started race-courses to get dividends out of their sport, bookmakers, Press, Blowers, Tote Investors and Charities all fastened on to racing to get a cut. Stakes were increased, almost entirely at the owners expense, to make bloodstock more valuable for the breeders to sell, and every known form of catch-penny or catch "pony" employed to bleed the owner.

There is no question that when this calamity is over they will not be able to stand it, and why should they?

One of the most ridiculous forms of larceny is the method

AT the present moment it seems to be a more or less understood thing that there will be some small programme of racing carried through. This is essential if we are not to destroy the horse-racing industry altogether, one of the few industries on a flourishing footing and one in which until the last few years we held almost a monopoly for export. This industry, for industry it is, universally agreed to be placed on a sound basis, and now is the time for



Poole, Dublin
MORE PERSONALITIES AT PHENIX PARK

No one looked peculiarly troubled by the war at the recent meeting at that pleasant course in the place called by many of the local inhabitants "The Phaynix"—Dublin's beautiful playground. In the above group are Mr. Ralph Brereton-Barry, a well-known member of the Irish Bar, The Hon. Brigid (Beatrice) Campbell, Lord and Lady Glenavy's only daughter, an Irish international lacrosse player and an ex-Irish squash champion, and the other lady is Mrs. Fitzgerald, of the well-known Irish family

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

of entering horses for races in this country. The principle is to force the owner to enter his horse before he can know anything about his capabilities, his fitness, the state of the going or any other essential information. Hardly the smallest of maiden plates can be entered for under six weeks! One of the biggest closing of entries is well before Christmas for the following year! A small maiden six-furlong handicap to be run at Gatwick at, I think it was the end of April this year, closed in February. At two sovs. there were ninety-four entries. There being no acceptance stage, how could the owner tell whether to pay the odd £2 for starters and chance running in a rabble of, perhaps, over fifty horses. As a fact, this race was over-subscribed by about £90, so the owners paid for the entire race and gave £45 to charity. There can be no reason whatsoever why races shouldn't close a fortnight before, or in the case of handicaps three weeks before to give an acceptance stage.

Take the Ham Produce Stakes at Goodwood. The breeder enters his unborn foal(!) for £3, a liability which he hands over to the purchaser at auction, say in the autumn as a yearling. Within six weeks the purchaser is liable for a further £47!! before he knows anything at all, and a further £50 in the week before racing one two-year-old. The race in 1938 was worth about £3,000, of which the executive put up £300!! and out of this there is a bonus for the breeder of the winner. In the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown in 1938 the owners put up £10,500 and the executive £1,500, of which £800 went to the breeders of the placed horses. The breeder of the winner has the value of his mare and her subsequent produce greatly enhanced by the result of the race, perhaps by several thousands, and what has he contributed? Why doesn't the owner of the sire of the winner get a bonus? Because he doesn't make the entries and needs no bribe. The executive are more than repaid by the increased attendance.

Take the case of an owner with a promising yearling which looks like being early. He has to enter him in the winter for early Spring races, and when the time arrives the horse is backward and the entries have to be scrapped. Entering again six weeks or more ahead he finds the horse has been entered in too high a class, again the entries have to be scrapped and a new lot made with a further wait of six weeks before the races are run. If the horse then goes wrong in any way entries have to keep on being made for him in case he recovers in time to run. In any case, a horse will have to have about five or six entries for every time he runs, and if he goes amiss probably considerably more.

Admittedly this method makes for increased stakes, saves race-courses money, increases their attendances and benefits the breeder, but the owner would be far better off with smaller stakes if necessary if putting up a far smaller proportion of them. I can remember going through the Weatherby's pass-book of an owner who had won £15,000 in stakes on the year. The debit side for entries, forfeits, jockeys' fees, etc., came to about £12,000! though I must admit his entries had been overdone. What does the breeder for sale do for racing? Absolutely nothing except draw a bonus if he breeds the winner of a breeders race. Why should not a breeder pay five per cent of his sale price at auction towards stakes? Engagements made a short time before the race would hit the racecourses or reduce stakes, though for the owner it would be cheaper to pay even higher entries if he could enter at a reasonable period before the race, and be more sure of being able to run.

These entries are made in France and in America, where owing to the stall-gate there are only about a dozen runners and the horses are all in situ; even handicaps are overnight entries.



LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE—A RECENT PORTRAIT

Yevonde, Berkeley Square

Squadron-Leader Lord Willoughby de Broke, the fortunate husband of the lady whose charming portrait is above, has lately been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire in succession to Lord Henry Seymour, brother of the Marquess of Hertford. Lord Willoughby de Broke, who got an M.C. when serving with the 17th Lancers in the last war, has since gone to the "Cavalry of the Air" and joined the Auxiliary Air Force. He is a former joint-Master of the Warwickshire, almost the family pack, for so many of his forebears have had these hounds. Lady Willoughby de Broke comes from the old Devonshire family of Wrey, whose present head is the Rev. Sir Albany Wrey



"STEALIN"

They had the battle,
I had the booty.
Ha! Ha!

space into the green fields. Or, if the green fields are too far away, just close your eyes and re-create in your imagination some vista of quiet hills and streams, some far-distant landscape of sleepy English scenery. Only by some such means of escape does sanity seem to lie. At least, it does for me. War and bitterness, blind fury and the drill-sergeant curtailment of life—life's aspects which, for those of my temperament, make death seem like a holiday—these have come upon us once again; forced by a necessity which will surely rank as among the blackest pages of human history; forced upon us, moreover, by one man and the gangster mentality of his supporters. To those of us who have lived through it all before, life has become something unreal—like some hideous nightmare from which we cannot emerge. So it is comforting and very lovely to turn away from it all, if only for a little time, to read a book which in the main is concerned only about flowers.

The name of the book is "Three Acres and a Mill" (Dent; 15s.), and the author Robert Gathorne-Hardy. The mill and its surrounding acres lie in a remote Berkshire village. It was not very beautiful when the author and his friend first possessed it. But there was water and there were trees, two firm foundations for a creation of beauty. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy is a well-known botanist, and has written already a charming book on "Wild Flowers in Britain." So it is not surprising that the three surrounding acres of his mill were eventually filled, not by exotic editions of well-known plants, but by the small and rare wild flowers of mountains and of foreign lands. To a great extent his present book is an account of his travels in Spain, France, the Canary Islands, the Alps, and as far north as Iceland, in search of those wild flowers, rare and not so rare, but always lovely to look upon. He transplanted them to Berkshire

A Book About Flowers.

IT is not easy to write about anything in these tragic days. One is thinking, thinking, thinking all the time about—oh! so many things which cannot be written down. Nevertheless, if one has to write about something, it is as well to write about flowers. Nature is just about the only facet of life at the moment which brings consolation. If you can, I would suggest that everyone should, for the well-being of their mind and heart and soul, go for just a brief daily

soil—mostly with astonishing success. Consequently, his book is to a great extent a travel-book.

Travel—but with such an enchanting object! I understand very little about botany; nevertheless, I was charmed by this book. On the other hand, I understand less about big-game hunting; but I loathe books about such expeditions! I felt a real joy when Mr. Gathorne-Hardy brought back some rare wild flower of the mountains, and the photograph, for example, of *Aeonium Lindleyi* in Teneriffe delighted me. I have never felt anything but boredom when I have read of expensive expeditions into the heart of Africa, and the sight of the author and his retinue standing proudly among a carpet of dead carcasses has never failed to fill me with complete disgust. Which only goes to show—at least, I hope it does—that you will enjoy reading "Three Acres and a Mill," even though your knowledge of wild flora extends, as mine does, little beyond one square-inch all round. I would far sooner come home with a root of *Ramondia Pyrenaica* than with the finest wherewithal for a tiger-skin rug, complete with head. Especially if it took me to such charming and remote places as Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's botanical search took him.

In the hell which life is for so many of us at the moment, his description of Iceland seems to be as near to Heaven as doesn't make much difference. No great riches, no great poverty; sociability; none of the idiotic class distinctions; charming little towns, beautiful scenery, and, above all, peace to lead one's own life in one's own more decent ways. He writes: "In all their centuries of poverty and disaster the Icelanders preserved what may be called the life of the spirit. They have always had a far higher general level of education even than Scotland. They might be half-starved, but they read their great native literature with joy. And vulgar wealth was put in its place. Iceland was, and remains at heart, a pastoral civilisation, without the slavery of either feudalism or of industry. . . . But I pray that, however prosperous they become, they may never lose that principle, so deep and so obvious that it never seems to have been formulated by them, namely, that the thoughts in a man's head are of infinitely greater importance than the cash in his pocket."

Thoughts from "Three Acres and a Mill."

"I am rather in favour of knocking statues off pedestals; there is a danger, if we try to guide our lives too much by the examples of great men, that we may take all they did for virtue, and every act of a criminal for crime."

"Ideal beauty, like happiness, is something men find it difficult, in these days, to enjoy. We trouble our lives with sordid little mishaps instead of tragedies; and clever modern people prefer to look at archaic gods, rather than at the Olympian beauty of Parthenon marble."

"The celebration of private happiness may seem selfish and superficial; but in such happiness lies personal salvation."

"Any private pleasure, not irreconcilable with neighbourly duty, is an act of grace. Any neighbourly duty that ignores the general pleasure of the individual is an act of the devil."

Country Background.

Well, there are two sides even to war, and undoubtedly hundreds of thousands of London children are having, in the present unlovely circumstances, the jolliest time of their lives. I live on the outskirts of a seaside town to which

(Continued on page 12)



MR. STANFORD HOLME, WHO IS LEAVING OXFORD PLAYHOUSE

For ten years Mr. Stanford Holme has been struggling to establish repertory at Oxford Playhouse, but with no success. Mr. Holme has been resident producer for nearly ten years, and as he is tremendously liked by the Oxford public his departure is greatly regretted. His wife is charming Théa Holme, the well-known West End actress

THE IRISH LEGER—
WON BY MR. J. V. RANKGAD! IT'S WON!: MR. HUGH DELMEGE
AND MRS. VICTOR PARRLADY PRICHARD-JONES WITH MR. NESBIT
WADDINGTONMISS AUDREY ODLUM AND THE
HON. MRS. GERALD WELLESLEYMRS. PETER BURRELL, MISS ETHEL JAMESON,
AND MRS. NESBIT WADDINGTONMRS. DERMOT
McGILLYCUDDYSIR WALTER NUGENT AND SIR JOHN
AND LADY PRICHARD-JONES

Last year lucky Mr. J. V. Rank won our Leger with that good colt, "Scottish Union," who started second favourite at 7 to 1 to the much-fancied "Pasch," and now he has followed this up by bringing off a large-sized upset in the Irish Leger at the Curragh. The favourite, "Wheatland," owned by Mr. W. Barnett, was at prohibitive odds, and the principal business was done in the way of placing them one, two. The ring must have had something like a skinner when Mr. Rank's "Skoiter" swooped down on the scene and won from Captain Denis Daly's "Red Shaft." "Skoiter" won a mile race at Leopardstown first time out this season. Mr. Hugh Delmege, the well-known Irish G.R., was caught at the moment when "Skoiter" was passing the post. His engagement to Miss Freda Keane was announced recently. Lady Prichard-Jones, seen in other spots, is Sir Walter and Lady Nugent's elder daughter. Mr. Nesbit Waddington, who is with her in the top picture, is the assistant manager of the Aga Khan's stud in Kildare. The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, wife of the well-known Irish trainer, is the daughter of another racing notability, the late Mr. Edward Kennedy, who brought "Roi Herode" to Ireland. Pretty Mrs. Dermot McGillycuddy goes well with the Kildare, and is a daughter-in-law of The McGillycuddy of the Reeks

Photos.: Poole, Dublin

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

most of them have been sent, so I know—in noise as well as by happy faces. It isn't the country, but it is as good as the country to them—perhaps better. Only one small child have I seen really enjoying the change of scene as apart from the excitement of a seaside holiday. She had wandered all by herself, a small girl of about twelve years old, on to the Downs. And there she sat engrossed; just looking and looking at the rolling landscape, seemingly happily oblivious of the motor-cars which were racing into the town in search of provisions. I couldn't help loving that little girl: she was so self-contained and so enraptured. For a town-dweller must be self-contained, I believe, really to enjoy the country. Anybody can enjoy it during the spring and summer months—or almost anybody. But only the real country lover can love it equally well in autumn and, especially, in winter. Which is why most of the literary "gents" who write books about their country cottages have a penchant for going to the Riviera about November, and putting their cottages up for sale when, as a subject, they have become threadbare to transparency. Nevertheless, for those who, so to speak, have got the country in their heart and soul, winter can be the most peaceful and comforting period of the whole year. At any rate, it is the supreme test of those who profess to be country lovers.

As such, perhaps, Mr. Richard Church fails; for he and his wife galloped back to London almost at sight of the first November fog. Nevertheless, his book, "Calling for a Spade" (Dent; 7s. 6d.), is charming. Perhaps it follows a now well-recognised formula, but it is infinitely more robust—yes, I think "robust" is the right word—than most of its predecessors. It isn't playful, for example. It never once degenerates into the gay and girlish. The closer members of the rural population do not become the subject of humour or so many figures in a farce. The vicar's wife is not a butt. On the contrary, he catches the characteristics of Essex rural labourers extraordinarily well, making them real human beings, even when exasperating in their slowness; kindly in spite of their suspicious nature; the true stuff of which most English village people are made. And he can so beautifully describe a scene, a memory, one of those outwardly uneventful moments in everyday life which, nevertheless, are so fraught with meaning; at least to ourselves. Writing of the moment when his own well-known poem, which begins:

"God of gardeners,
accept this coil
Of acrid smoke from
nettle and weed,
This left-hand mound
of sinful soil
That I have offered
from the seed."

was conceived, he tells us: "I can still recollect the scene when they floated first into my mind, so vivid and so full of significance that they were not merely words, but were the very

stuff of the moment through which I had just lived. That moment was a timeless one, and maybe it thus informed the verses, so that they have lasted at least until now, to come back to me as I sit here some years later, still able to wake me again to the scent of the evening, the lovely grace of twilight as it fell about the face and figure of my dear companion standing by the barrow, pushing back her hair with her forearm; her hands being too soiled to touch her face. I feel again the weariness after stooping so long over the flowering borders, weeding after an afternoon shower. The perfume of that night after rain! Nothing specific, only a general sense of enraptured content; roses, honeysuckle, distant lime-trees, nightstock near at hand, and mignonette, sweet-scent rocket, and a few late and lingering wallflowers. And in addition to the perfume—but addition is too statistical a word for such a moment. There was no addition, for all was one, all the evidence of my five senses united into a single consciousness of full living, full graciousness, full gratitude."

"Calling for a Spade" is full of such lovely descriptions; such timeless moments in our emotional life; moments which, in these sad days, return to comfort us, to take us out of ourselves; momentarily to forget. Such hard work—if loving work can ever really be called hard—had gone to the turning of this almost derelict Essex cottage into a home-stead of flowered beauty and comfort that, when towards the end of the book the author tells us how the building of an enormous aerodrome nearby destroyed the peace of it, one gets rid of the cottage with as much regret as Mr. Church and his wife must have felt when at last they were forced to leave it.

It is pleasant, however, to know that they have now gone further afield—into Dorset, maybe? Another cottage—"like a mushroom, and about as big as one.... That is all we can call our own now. But wait! My companion is rolling up her sleeves and has stuck a pencil in her hair." So hope raises its head once more. I for one shall look forward to another book telling me how they both fared in this new habitation. If it is as charming and delightful to read as the present one is, it really is something to look forward to. There are not many things just now.

Prophecy.

Anyway, some like one kind of book, some another. Here, however, is a strange one. "Hitler's Last Year of Power" (Dakers; 2s. 6d.), by Leonardo Blake, is a reading of the future by astrology. Up to the moment, the foretelling has been remarkably correct. The actual future, therefore, is even more interesting. For example, the stars tell us that we shall get through without a world war (which the present one actually isn't); there will be further crises next year; but the culmination will prove the end of Hitler, the coming of a democratic Government to Germany, and a new period of peace in Europe.



THE HON. MRS. AUBREY ESSON-SCOTT AND HER SON, JOHN,
AT COMBE MANOR

A peaceful picture upon which to gaze in this very unpeaceful time. Mrs. Esson-Scott is the elder of Lord and Lady Falkland's daughters. The little boy in the picture is her son by her former marriage to

Mr. J. de P. G. Mayhew

THE FLICKERS—
—STILL FLICKMADELEINE CARROLL
AND CAROLYN LEE IN
"MY LOVE FOR YOURS"OSA MASSEN, LOVELY SCANDINAVIAN,
IN "MY LOVE FOR YOURS"Cannons of Hollywood
TO MARRY SHORTLY: NOVA PILBEAM

(RIGHT) IDA LUPINO IN "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

All these lovely ladies have been famous on the American screen for many a day, with the exception of Osa Massen, a bewitching Dane, who has made several films in her own country, but is making her début before English-speaking audiences in *My Love For Yours*, and Carolyn Lee, who naturally is a newcomer as her age is only four. Nova Pilbeam's fiancé is Mr. Penrose Tennyson, descendant of the Laureate, and young British film director. Ida Lupino plays opposite lead in Kipling's *The Light That Failed* to Ronald Colman, and the picture will be showing in the West End of London Town before long



WARTIME à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

"WHAT I want to know is, when will the war start?" It is one of the moderately bright sayings that have passed round London in the fortnight since Poland collapsed. Most of them are a harmless distraction in a time of anxious waiting. I invented one myself, and though it was not very clever, and a half-truth at that ("the lack of air raids has completely disorganised the civil population"), it was repeated to me within two days in somebody else's club.

The query about when the war will start is not harmless, however. It is even harmful: behind the flippancy there is often a reckless impatience. The question, as a rule, is raised by somebody under forty, to whom Passchendaele and the Somme and the Chemin des Dames are not memories but names of vague old battles. I first heard it from an otherwise intelligent young publisher, who will soon be a subaltern and meanwhile has rushed into a thoroughly wise war-marriage. Asked what he meant by it, he said we (the French and ourselves) had been marking time on the Western front, although the enemy had won a Blitzkrieg in the East and conquered many thousands of square miles. And in the air we seemed to have performed, beyond one brave flourish over an enemy naval base, no more than routine reconnaissance and, at great heights, some confetti-raids over the German countryside.

Here is the cult of the dangerous offensive at all costs, clamouring for action at a moment in history when everything favours a careful, relentless wearing down of the enemy. You cannot compare the campaign in France, between equal armies in tremendously strong positions on a short front, with that in Poland between unequal armies on a long and ill-prepared front, the greater force being superbly equipped and the lesser lacking most of the essentials for a war in which machines are two-thirds of the battle. At present the odds in France resemble more nearly those that obtained there in 1917 and 1918, despite the changes in war science since then. Remember the shambles of the Passchendaele offensive, which achieved 400,000 British casualties in a month, plus a slight delay of pressure on the French lines. Consider how much stronger for defence the Siegfried Line is than the Hindenburg or any other Line ever was in 1914-18. Consider, also, the trained reserves available for defence by a nation of 80,000,000 fully mobilised, as against those of one nation of 40,000,000 fully mobilised, and another of 45,000,000 which as yet is not one-quarter mobilised except for its greatest job—to keep the seas clear. With all that in view, it is absurd to complain of slow beginnings by leaders who know their stuff, and how to handle it, twenty times better than we do.

It is the more absurd because if there was ever a war in which time must favour one side, this is it. With every week that passes, the enemy does us a service by not provoking us to exchange bomb-raids while mobilisation proceeds in stages, training continues, contingents depart, munition plants expand, blockade persists and, in the air itself, we and the French, having surpassed the Germans in quality of aircraft, catch up to the huge quantities which they mass-produced during years of planning for war.

Time works for us while we prepare, and against an enemy whose resources are colossal but must dwindle for lack of replacement. Every bombardment by German guns and aircraft, every

ton of steel, oil, copper, cotton, rubber and much else which they expend, brings their defeat nearer. So we shall presumably do our best to entice them into wasting much, while we conserve man-power and machine-power for the year when their material runs down and the fortitude of their population cracks. The ablest of to-day's military correspondents, writing of the chances of a German counter-offensive in the West, declares that "probably General Gamelin would be glad to see it." It would serve his strategy; and it would help to check the mood of impatience with a war that has hardly begun.

Time as our ally might well be stressed by the Ministry of Information, which dishes out so much that is peculiar and must hold back so much that is relevant. The item of ministerial news which did most to cheer people up last week was a brief report on the harrying of submarines

and their great difficulty in getting home to re-fuel; so that no merchant ships had been sunk for days. It was particularly cheerful because it showed that our future supplies were safe. Just as encouraging, because it indicated a wastage of supplies which the enemy cannot restore, was the report by the French Minister of Information of Hitler's balance for the first month—hundreds of aeroplanes lost in Poland; exports down by 50 per cent.; all maritime imports of essential material cut off except in the Baltic; 30 per cent. less food for German soldiers than for those in other countries; and total stoppage of production in the Saar, a German province which provides twice the mineral wealth in all Poland.

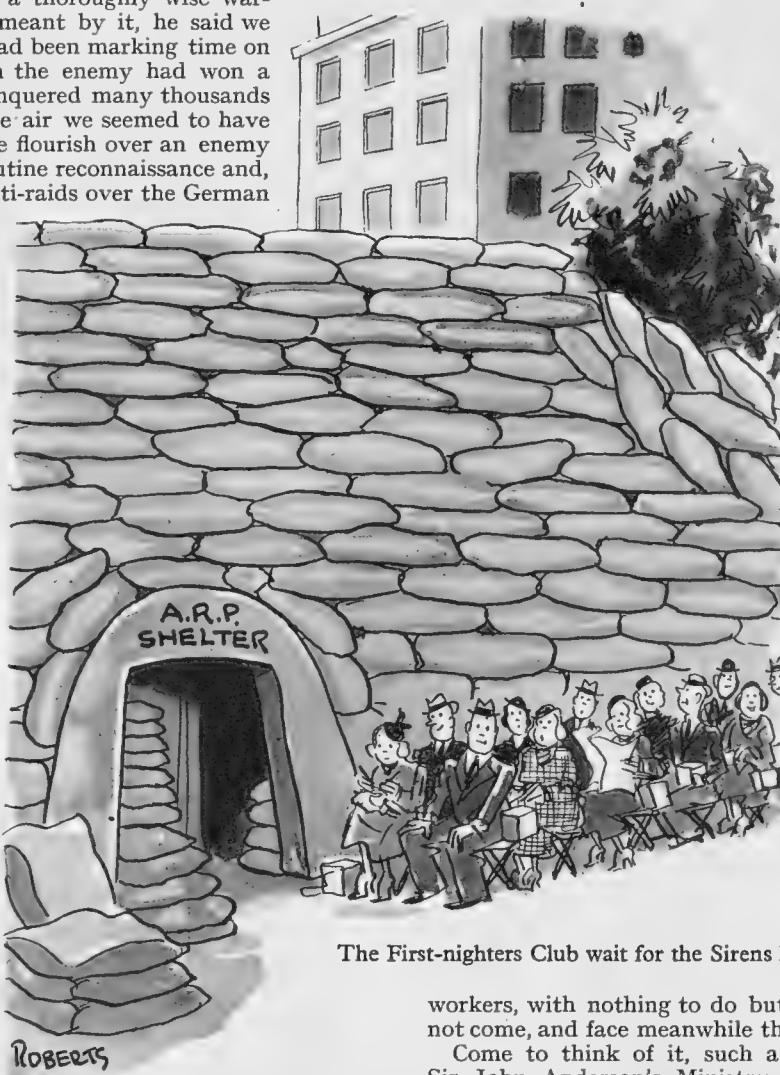
Time can be organised on a war basis, and not only by turning last year's 4 p.m. into this year's 5 p.m. We are going home and so to bed earlier, getting up and out earlier, seeing more dawn than moonlight. A department of wartime psychology would deal in how to use Time. It could help to soothe A.R.P.

workers, with nothing to do but wait for what may or may not come, and face meanwhile the long descent of wasted days.

Come to think of it, such a department would best suit Sir John Anderson's Ministry. Determined that this time we shouldn't merely muddle through, they over-organised against it. Now their system urgently needs to be humanised, and re-timed to prevent popular explosion.

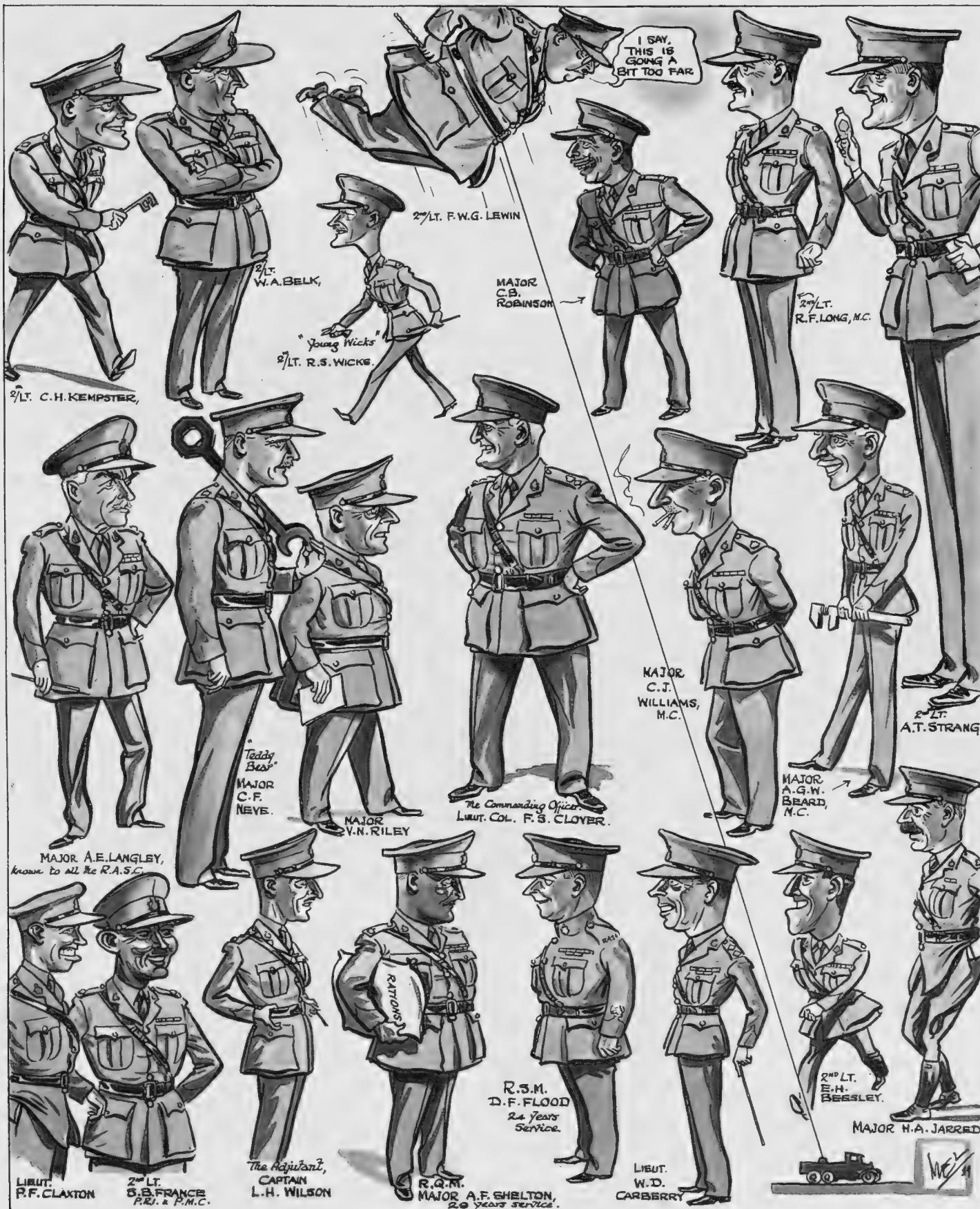
Arising from this, there is a sequel to the tale last week of the important national committees who, because it was so ordained when we expected raids twice daily, continue to meet hundreds of feet underground, where their words are drowned by the roar of trains and their papers scattered by draughts of compressed air. Several Committee members have now gone speechless, having breathed in much of the brick-dust shaken loose by overhead trains. And up in the big, bright world, dozens of comfortable Board rooms, with easy access to raid-shelters, are still available.

Extract from an anonymous but pleasant letter about "Baconbridge Sees It Through"—the tales of wartime in the country, told on this page—"My young son was paying his usual end-of-holiday visit to Town and we were walking through Liberty's. I noticed that we were attracting an extraordinary number of nods and becks and wreathed smiles. One of the assistants explained: 'It's so long since we saw a small boy in London.'"



The First-nighters Club wait for the Sirens!

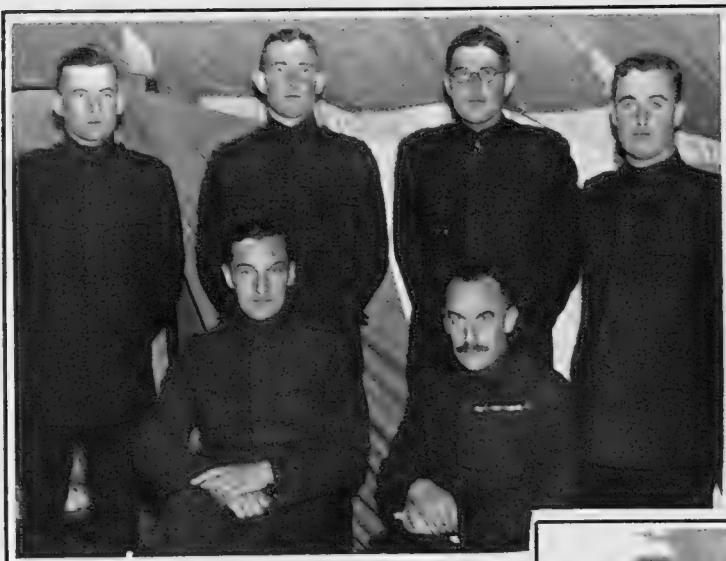
ARMY UNITS : No. 1



OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS AT A DEPÔT AT BLANK—By "MEL"

The chaps who feed and supply the troops, and have to do it most times under very difficult conditions, are not the least important cog in the vast war machine. Remember what one Buonoparte said—even though petrol has now come into the equation. No bully, no rum, and no nothing soon puts the brake on everything. The C.O. of this particular dépôt, Lt.-Colonel F. S. Clover, happens to be a well-known member of the Army Golfing Society, and so naturally was a particularly willing sitter to our friend "Mel." Major A. E. Langley is known to everyone in the R.A.S.C. and has a long record of service to his credit, as also have R.Q.M. Major A. F. Shelton and R.S.M. Flood, who total fifty-three years' service between them, of which Major Shelton claims twenty-nine.

NEXT WEEK: THE ARMY PHYSICAL TRAINING SCHOOL



THREE PAIRS OF BROTHERS
IN ONE BATTALION

A distinction which must surely be unique in the British Army is possessed by the 7th Battalion, the Monmouthshire Regiment, whose serving officers include three pairs of brothers, who are shown above: (l. to r., seated) Captain T. S. Wilson and Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Wilson, T.D.; (standing) 2nd Lieuts. D. M. and J. K. Charles-Jones, 2nd Lieuts. P. and D. F. Treverton-Jones.

Adhesive Tape Tip.

SOMETIMES in the distant future we shall have a Dickens of a job in removing the white paint with which we've daubed the bodies and bumpers of our cars. But in case you have not gone white already, here is a thoroughly sensible tip. Get some white adhesive tape from a stationer's, and stick it on the appropriate parts of the car. You can then paint the tape. The car-makers in Coventry and elsewhere have long protected the chromium-plated parts of vehicles under test in this way. And sometimes adhesive tape has been used to disguise the radiator of a new and secret model, lest news of it should leak out before the appointed time.

Cars in Storage.

Should you contemplate laying-up a car for a period, the following points need attention. Drain the radiator, and close the tap, and tie a label on the cap, marked "No water." Vaseline all plated parts. Jack-up all four wheels, and cover the car and tyres with a dust-sheet. Get your local garage to attend to the battery, unless you decide to have it charged-up regularly. The worst enemy to a car's welfare is damp, so that the drier the garage the better. Finally, release the hand-brake, for to leave it on serves no useful purpose, and only puts unnecessary work on the brake-control springs.

Some Refugee Stories.

The refugee problem has brought its own crop of stories. In one village, the squire asked a little boy whose face seemed unfamiliar, who he was. "A vacuum from Brumsgem," was the reply. In another place, the rumour went round that Queen Mary was visiting the town. A small child, after being absent from home all the morning, returned with the astonishing information that she couldn't see a ship anywhere! Finally, there was the story of the refugee, the lady of the house, who was expensively dressed in white, with her Dalmatian dog. The small boy followed the lady and her pet round the garden for some time, and, having gathered a handful of soil, suddenly remarked that if he threw it at her she'd look very much like the dog. But apart from these splashes of humour, the lot of the country motorist has been a dull one. For some few days he or she waited patiently with scores of others at the local railway-station, expecting evacuees by the hundred. In their homes fires were burning, teas were laid, and hot baths and beds all

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

prepared. But alas! the evacuees never turned up, and their would-be hosts had to return empty-car-ed, to eat or give away all the food they had so carefully prepared.

War Sights in England.

Two young men, waiting to be called up, decided to blue-in their last tankful of petrol by taking a sight-seeing tour of England under war conditions. They covered some 350 miles in a Ford "Ten," slept one night in the car, and came back most impressed by the preparations they had seen all over the country. In particular, the efficiency of the camouflaging of certain places excited their admiration. In one instance they seemed to be approaching a wood, when suddenly the trees became alive with men. For it was not a wood at all. The other thing that impressed them was the extent to which the white lining of the roads is being developed. Even in country lanes in the wilds of Blankshire they frequently came upon gangs of painters, blobbing away for dear life, and quite oblivious of the passing traffic.

Pity the Poor Hotel-Keeper.

The plight of the hotel-keeper is not to be envied. All over the country his premises have been requisitioned, sometimes at a few hours' notice, to house Government officials or representatives of the Services. Places situated out in the country have lost the trade that used to come to them by car, as people are reserving their scanty ration of petrol for more important purposes. Nor can the hotel or inn, however pleasant, hope

to attract a visitor for the duration, if its situation is far from a town or hamlet. For visitors are crowding into the country towns. Even a one-eyed cinema and a cluster of shops is better than nothing.

Moving House in a Cattle-Trailer.

One of the stoutest efforts of the pre-petrol ration period was that of a woman who had to move her household effects a distance of 100 miles. As furniture-removal vans were unobtainable, she borrowed the local farmer's car, complete with cattle trailer, and spent four days running backwards and forwards between her new and old home. On one day she made the double journey twice, no mean exploit, considering the unwieldiness of the trailer and the low power of the Morris. Passing the outfit on one occasion, I noted that the big rear-numbers on the trailer were quite different to those on the front plate of the car.

Go by Motor-Coach.

A study of various methods of A to B transport in the Midlands and South reveals the immense ramifications of Associated Motorways. They embrace seven large motor-coaching companies, which together operate daily services on most of the main roads bordered by the towns of Torquay, Aberystwyth, Chester, Nottingham, London and Portsmouth. Single fares appear to be calculated at the rate of one penny a mile, and there is a useful reduction on double journeys. Average speed works out at approximately 20 m.p.h.



Photos.: Truman Howell
WOMEN'S PART IN THE WAR

Senior-Commandant Mrs. Nicholas Fielden is a County A.T.S. Commandant. She is seen with Lieut.-Colonel H. E. Kenyon, D.S.O. (centre), the County Red Cross Comptroller, and Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Westley, secretary of the energetic and successful Territorial Army Association in the same county



THE HON. MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES—

These two very attractive portraits are of recent origin and are the work of an artist who is renowned for the originality and artistry he invariably manages to import into his photographic portraiture. The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, who married Lord De Ramsey's uncle in 1919, is a daughter of the fourth Duc Decazes and was the widow of the Prince Jean de Broglie. Miss Rosamond Fellowes, the only child, was born in 1921.

A BEAUTIFUL MOTHER AND HER ONLY DAUGHTER



Photos.: Cecil Beaton
—AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS ROSAMOND FELLOWES

A GALLERY OF BEAUTY



MRS. VINCENT PARAVICINI AND HER SON, NICOLAS

Revonde

Somerset Maugham's only daughter, the former Miss Lisa Maugham, married H.E. the Swiss Minister's good-looking son in 1936, and the pretty little boy in the picture is now just nineteen months old. He was given the names of Nicolas Vincent Somerset, the last of these perpetuating that of his famous and most literary grandfather

THE COUNTESS OF CAMBRIDGE
UNDER THE RHUBARB

Mr. Cecil Beaton, who is always looking for a good subject, managed to corner the beautiful Countess of Cambridge in the homely rhubarb which looks not like a garden but like an Anderson air-raid shelter. Lord Cambridge is a member of the 7th Hussars, and like so many more of the regiment is a生 for equitation. He is a very good horseman.

AUTIFUL PORTRAITS



Cecil Beaton

NARVON (TILLY LOSCH)
COVER

ing for original poses for his sitters,
ess of Carnarvon under the leaves of
ry unlike the corrugated iron of an
arvon's mother-regiment was the
hem he became imbued with a talent
y good gentleman rider



LADY MOORE AND HER SON, DERMOT

Lenare

The Viscount Moore, whose most attractive wife and only son Dermot are above, is the Earl of Drogheda's son by his first marriage. Lady Moore is the former Miss Joan Carr, of New York, and has won much fame in her former country as a radio star. Dermot, the son and heir of the house, is now just two and a-half years old

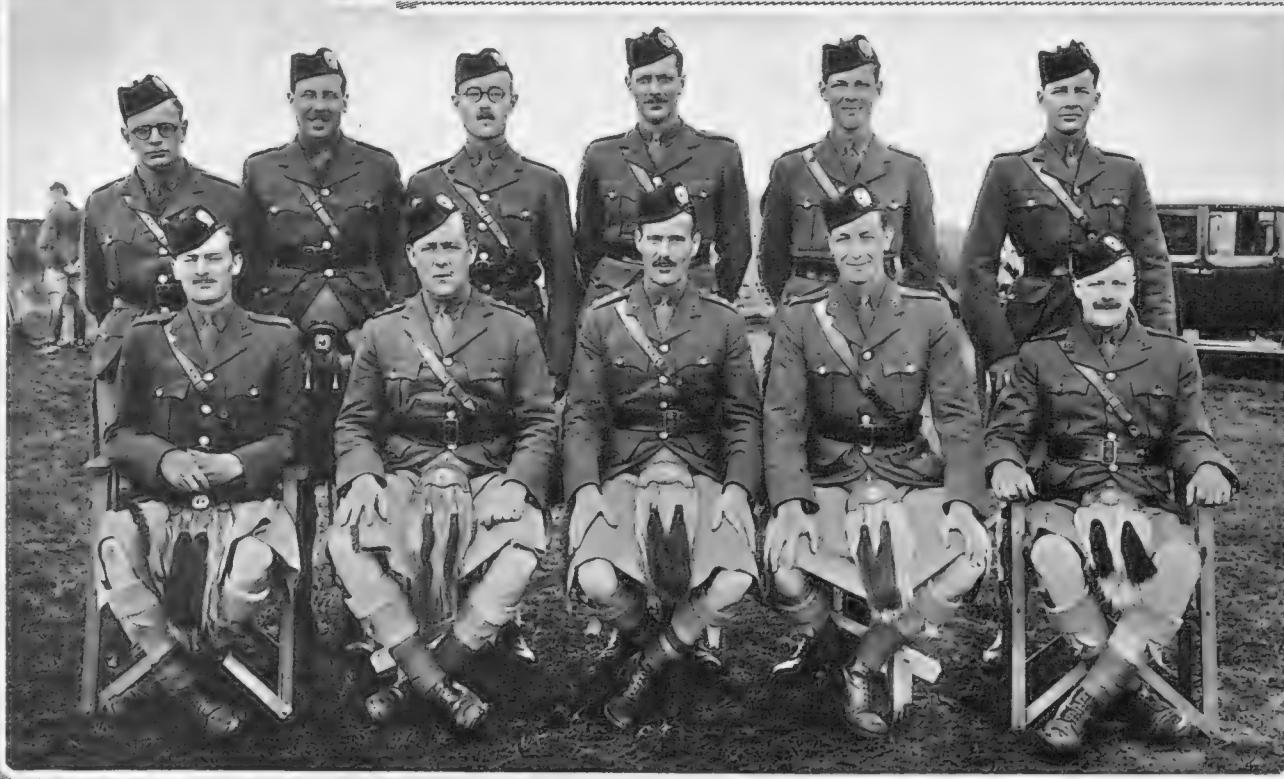
“THE LADS
IN HODDEN
GREY”

TWO
LONDON
SCOTTISH
GROUPS

SOME OF THE C.O.S

No Territorial regiment had a prouder record in the last war than this one. They were the first to go in with the cold steel and suffered very severe casualties

In this group are, l. to r.: (at back) Colonel D. Lyall Grant and Colonel L. D. Henderson; (in front) Lt.-Colonel L. D. Bennett, C.O., Nth Battalion, Colonel Clowes, Hon. Colonel, Nth Battalion, and Lt.-Colonel F. Gordon Maxwell, commanding another Battalion



SOME MORE OF THE
LONDON SCOTTISH
OFFICERS

The names in the picture are, l. to r.: (back row), 2nd Lieut. R. W. G. Macpherson, 2nd Lieut. J. C. Hollebone, 2nd Lieut. I. McKenzie, 2nd Lieut. B. Davis, 2nd Lieut. K. S. Hollebone and 2nd Lieut. R. A. Corby; (l. to r., front row) 2nd Lieut. H. A. Graham, Captain G. Fell Clark, Captain H. J. Wilson, 2nd Lieut. J. C. Thomson and 2nd Lieut. R. M. Fraser



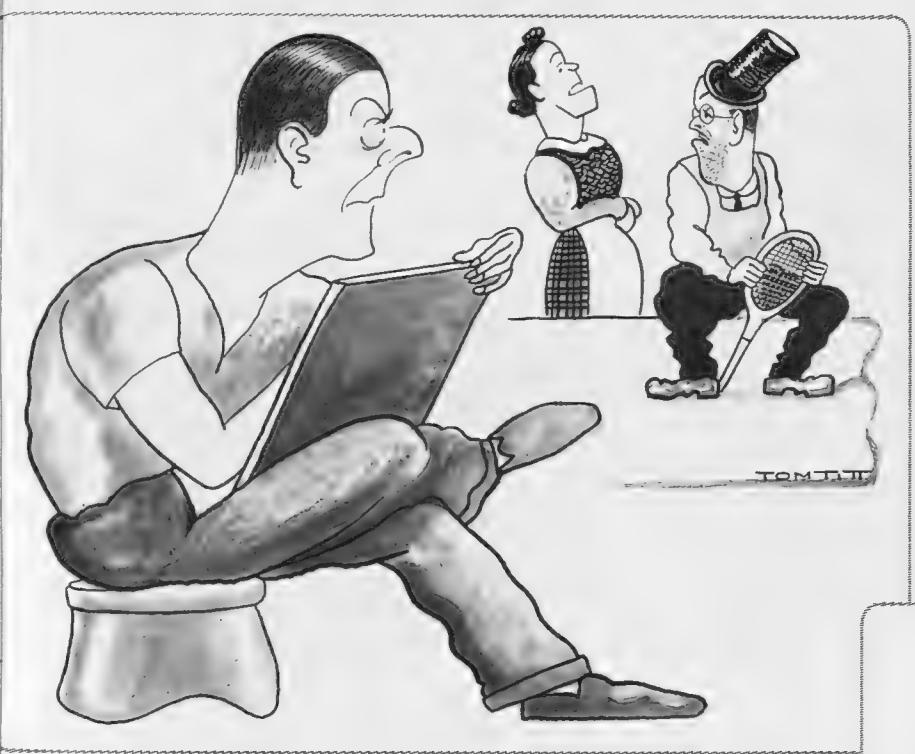
DOROTHY WARD PUTS THE R.A.F.
RIGHT UP IN THE AIR—

W A R- T I M E S H O W S

The Stage carries on—not as usual, but to the best of its ability



—AND SO DOES JANE CARR



IN "PUNCH WITHOUT JUDY" AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, BRIGHTON:
(L. TO R.) HENRY KENDALL (THE ARTIST), MARJORIE RHODES AND
ERNEST JAY (THE MODEL)

As happened upon the last occasion when we crossed swords with our present foemen, the stage in every one of its departments nobly came forward to entertain the troops. War being compounded of long periods of boredom punctuated by moments of acute fright, this assistance to the warrior is of the utmost value. Dorothy Ward, the Prince of Pantomime Principal Boys, and Jane Carr had an R.A.F. audience, and Tilly Losch (Lady Carnarvon), of whom another picture appears in the centre pages, cheered up some little evacuees at Highclere Castle, Lord Carnarvon's seat near Newbury. *Punch Without Judy*, Max Catto's new farce, had a terrific reception at Brighton, and is off to Leeds, Birmingham, and other big centres



LADY CARNARVON (TILLY LOSCH)
AND SOME LITTLE EVACUEES



(ON RIGHT) PETER MURRAY HILL AND NOVA PILBEAM,
ALSO IN "PUNCH WITHOUT JUDY"



THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS, THE ARTISTS RIFLES

A picture taken (as usual these days) "somewhere in England." This Territorial regiment, which, like all the rest of the T.A., is now a regular unit, has a great war record behind it—and will add to it. It forms part of the corps of the Rifle Brigade, hence the Adjutant and the Chief Instructor Officer being both R.B. Lord Strathcona, the Hon. Colonel, was formerly a Cavalry soldier (3rd Hussars). The full list of names is: (back row, l. to r.) 2nd Lieut. C. G. Johnston, 2nd Lieut. T. S. Passmore, 2nd Lieut. J. T. Kelly, 2nd Lieut. F. C. Hall, 2nd Lieut. I. G. H. Campbell, 2nd Lieut. E. S. Beverley, Captain C. J. McC. Allport; (middle row, l. to r.) Lieut. D. H. Flint, 2nd Lieut. J. C. Hugill, 2nd Lieut. K. L. Young, Lieut. C. G. Cumes, 2nd Lieut. A. W. Horner, 2nd Lieut. D. F. Muirhead, 2nd Lieut. D. J. Elton, Lieut. G. C. Williams, Lieut. J. H. A. Tanner, and 2nd Lieut. J. S. Bare; (front row, l. to r.) Lieut. P. B. Greenway, Major A. N. Browning, Major W. P. S. Curtis (the Rifle Brigade; Adj.), Lieut.-Colonel R. R. Cripps (C.O.), Colonel the Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal (Hon. Colonel), Major P. G. R. Burford (Second-in-Command), Major H. Hubble, M.C. (Quartermaster), Captain T. McK. Robb, R.A.M.C. (M.O.), Captain L. I. T. Whitaker (the Rifle Brigade; Chief Instructor). The dogs are "Kim" and "Soda"

THE rumour that the Herr Doktor Göbbels—up till quite recently the leading author of impolite fiction and witch-doctor-in-chief in Naziland—is to be our next refugee has not yet been officially confirmed. It is, however, pretty certain that when this distinguished littérateur does manage to elude the F.-M. Göring, the Herr Himmler, and the Gestapo G-men, he will be at once offered the post of D.G.M.P.H.P.S.D. at the Zoo. The last three letters concern the poisonous snakes department. The "M" may have something to do with the Simians.



LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY

The steed is "Violetta," on which Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay won the Ladies' Open Jumping contest at the Gillingham and Shaftesbury Agricultural Show. "Violetta" is owned by Count Pallastrelli di Celleri, for another of whose crack performers see above. Looking at these horses provides yet another reason for cussing this war!

Photos.: Beating



COUNT R. PALLASTRELLI DI CELLERI

The gate is a fair snorter, new and probably on a chain, but on such an obvious specialist as this horse, ridden by another specialist, why worry? Count Pallastrelli di Celleri is in the Italian Cavalry, which has always been very good

who came up before his adjutant in orderly-room and applied for ten days' casual. The proposition was not greeted with enthusiasm, and the man was asked to supply special reasons. He jinked and wavered till the officer said: "But I am afraid you've got to tell me!"

"Well, sir," said the applicant, "as a matter of fact my wife's impregnable!"

"Impregnable? I don't understand," said the adjutant, and then, turning to the orderly-room sergeant, "What on earth does he mean?"

Leaning over and whispering into the officer's ear, the sergeant said: "Very ignorant man, sir! Very ignorant! What he means is his wife's stagnant!" Application granted.

* * *

The nervousness which suspense is known to engender in some people very quickly evaporates the instant that they are brought face to face with reality. Gunfire, for instance, has very often the effect of quietening nerves that have got rather ragged at the edges in the period of waiting for it. Air raids, as many know, are poison to most, and yet, like the eels, we got used to them in the last show, and custom very

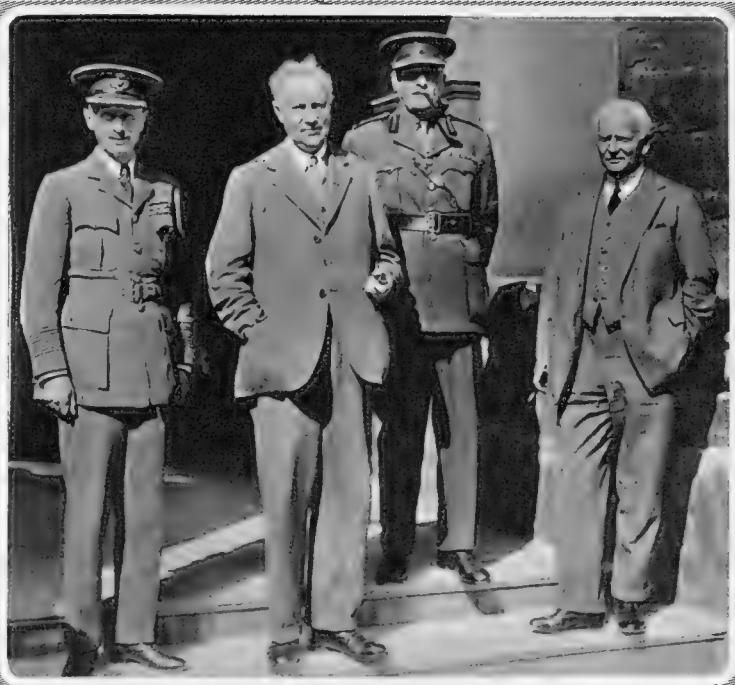
Pictures in the Fire

By

"SABRETACHE"

War stories—of which we had a goodish bundle during the 1914-18 entertainment—are already beginning to arrive, as was naturally inevitable. One quite true one which is told of a prudent passenger (alleged, naturally, to be a Scotsman!) says that, when the first air-raid alarm went, some people who happened to be in the Life Guards' mess in Hyde Park saw a taxi pull up with a jerk. The driver at once got out and hared it for the nearest shelter trenches: the fare also got out, but more deliberately. He pushed the taxi flag up, and then got back inside! Another which is "near" drawing-room concerns a thrifty wench whose fiancé was ordered back to India at twenty-four hours' notice. She at once enquired about getting married by special licence, and, when told that it would cost £30, said "It isn't worth it!"

A nother, also quite true, is about a warrior



THE RECRUITING BOARD AT OXFORD

And very hard at work at that, doing the classification and subsequent recommending of long lists of undergrads. In the group (l. to r.) are Group-Captain T. G. Hetherington, Dr. A. D. Lindsay, the Master of Balliol and chairman of the Board; Colonel M. O'C. Tandy, who is a Sapper by trade; and Captain the Hon. Bertram Mitford, late R.N., a brother of Lord Redesdale

considerably blunted their terrorising effect. No one pretended they liked them, and if they had tried it on, would not have been believed. The fact remains, however, that human creatures, like gun-dogs, are always much steadier after they have been shot over. Nerves have no real relation to courage.

* * *

A story of a case in point, and in proof, may be helpful by way of illustration. On one of our messy little frontier wars the powers that be thought it would be a good plan to send one of what used to be called "down-country" regiments up to be blooded. These were units recruited from what were then called the non-fighting races. So up they went, full of vim and enthusiasm, but into an atmosphere of battle, murder and painful death

which was quite foreign to them. On one hot and unpleasant afternoon they were lying out on their tummies lining a ridge that commanded a road along which hostile persons might try to come. Then, suddenly, through the dust of Ind there appeared what looked as if it might be the front end of a column advancing. Nerves got the people on the ridge, and without any word of command they started emptying their rifles at the "enemy" as fast as they could. Their C.O. and officers quickly saw that it was not an enemy detachment at all, and walked up and down the line of panicky riflemen blowing their whistles for the cease fire—but all to no purpose. In the meanwhile, the people at whom they had been shooting so furiously also gathered a wrong impression. The little column happened to be a mountain battery and escort. They promptly unlimbered and started to pump shrapnel at the supposed enemy—and that put the lid on it. The infantry scattered for hard life and in the process got quite a bit of knocking about. Of course, eventually things were set right and mutual explanations and regrets given and accepted. This little business completely cured that regiment of nerves, and it behaved extremely well upon all the future occasions when it had to go into action. It had to be shot over, however, to steady it.

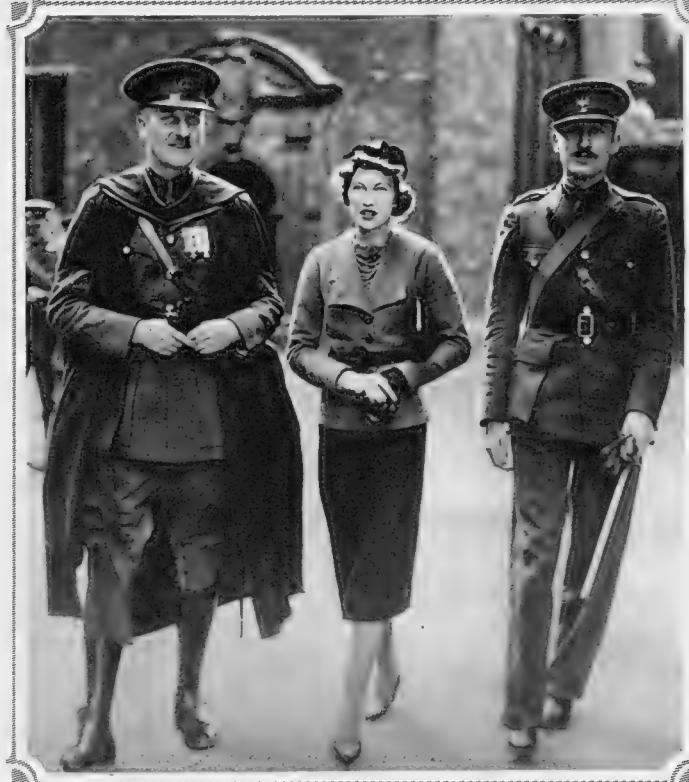
* * *

With a very slight variation in the names, this comment upon what happened in the Napoleonic wars might be an extract from the leader columns of any of our great papers to-day:

"From the moment when Sidney Smith turned him back from the walls of Acre down to the moment when Wellington drove him, a broken and defeated adventurer, from the hillside of Waterloo, it was always England that stood between him and complete success. Hence it came that he honoured her with a venomous hatred such as he never bestowed on any other foe."

* * *

And yet, when Napoleon was once under lock and key, his country and our own lived like two little lambs in the one fold. There was no serious strife between any of the Powers of Western and Central Europe for thirty-three years, and English troops never fired a shot in anger for forty years.



HIS M.A. GOWN OVER HIS SERVICE KIT

Colonel G. N. Wood, who was formerly C.O. the Oxford University O.T.C., was invested with his Hon. M.A. at the recent Convocation. With him are Lieut. and Mrs. M. MacLagan, he being in the Oxford O.T.C.



Paterson

WARTIME EQUITATION IN INVERNESS

The children of Captain the Hon. Evan and Lady Maud Baillie at Ballindarroch. On the left Judith Baillie, and on the right Arbell Mackintosh, Lady Maud Baillie's daughter by her first marriage. Both the ladies parents are on war service



OUT FOR A LITTLE PADDLE IN FLOODED TIENTSIN
On the right his Britannic Majesty's Consul, Mr. E. G. Jamieson, C.B.E., and on the left Mr. H. H. Faulkner, of the Kailan Mining Association. The picture was taken outside the Astor House Hotel, in Victoria Road, after there had been a spot of rain

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

Raidery and Raillery.

IT was inevitable that a certain amount of raillery should be directed at the Air Raid Precautions workers. At first, when citizens expected to get it in the neck—or, rather, on top of the head—from German air squadrons, they were pleased to see the wardens wardening; but when nothing happened they began to attempt to be funny at their expense. The story was circulated that there were so many A.R.P. and allied workers that if you tripped up on a piece of banana-skin in the street and twisted your ankle, you were in imminent danger of being rushed to some subterranean cavern and there forcibly decontaminated. Now, it is true that there were, and are, a lot of A.R.P. workers and special police; but I want to utter the strongest protest against those who have launched irresponsible criticisms at them. There have been letters in the papers—mostly written by eminent persons residing well out of the danger area—alleging that these workers are unnecessary, and that some of them have taken up A.R.P. service in order to avoid more dangerous service elsewhere.

Now, I do not mind good-humoured fun at the expense of the A.R.P. organisations. It is to be welcomed. But these nasty criticisms are not only unfair, they are also against the national interest. Up to the time of writing, we have not experienced an aerial bombardment. But we may have one to-morrow. Or we may wait two years before we have one. This much is certain—and I speak as one who was bombed with the relatively small 112-lb. bombs of the war of 1914—that if we relax our precautions, we increase the risk of being bombed and, what is more important, we augment the effects of any bombing. Cut down A.R.P. and you give the enemy a helping hand in any operation he may undertake against this country by air while, at the same time, *inviting* him to undertake such an operation. I would greatly like to be able to silence these foolish critics of men and women who are doing essential work. It is very difficult to maintain a state of true preparedness over a long period during which no attack takes place; but when the attack does come, the way we weather it will depend on how far we have succeeded in that respect. Propaganda against air-raid precautions is hostile to the country's interests, and should be silenced.

Air Transport.

WHILE war holds the stage, there is still some work going on behind the scenes with ordinary commercial air transport. I am not now speaking of the transport which is used to help in supplying the forces in the field, but of the transport which is still carrying mails and freight, and even paying passengers. The people are beginning to realise, what the Government has appreciated for some time, that a strong core of business must be retained in the country if the forces in the field are to be properly supported and if we are to wield the weapon of economic warfare successfully.

In aviation the commercial air lines may be said in like manner to be part of the fabric of the country, and therefore of importance both under normal conditions and during emergencies. Obviously they cannot operate in the old way. But they had little freedom left before the war, so that the further reduction they have been subjected to subsequently will not be a serious blow.

One thing I hope: it is that every attempt will be made to maintain an Atlantic line throughout the winter, for all links with Canada now acquire thousandfold value. Imperial Airways have been slow with that Atlantic line, and undoubtedly the Americans now hold the lead. But there is no need to assume that the war will entirely prevent us from competing with them in a mild way. We know that many of our military aeroplanes are being built in Canada, and it follows that the quicker and better the air communications between Great Britain and Canada, the greater the use that can be made of that Dominion's immense resources.

Information.

THE clowning of the Ministry of Information is sometimes funny; but when it leads to the work of the Royal Air Force being minimised and misunderstood by the public, I confess that I no longer find it amusing. It is axiomatic that people in the service are averse from all kinds of publicity.

That is understandable and right. The officer or man who seeks the limelight is usually of low military value. But in 1939 publicity and propaganda are important weapons of war. Our enemies make use of them, and we must also do so. It is the duty of the Ministry of Information to keep the Royal Air Force and its work before the public in true perspective. It is miserably failing to fulfil this function.

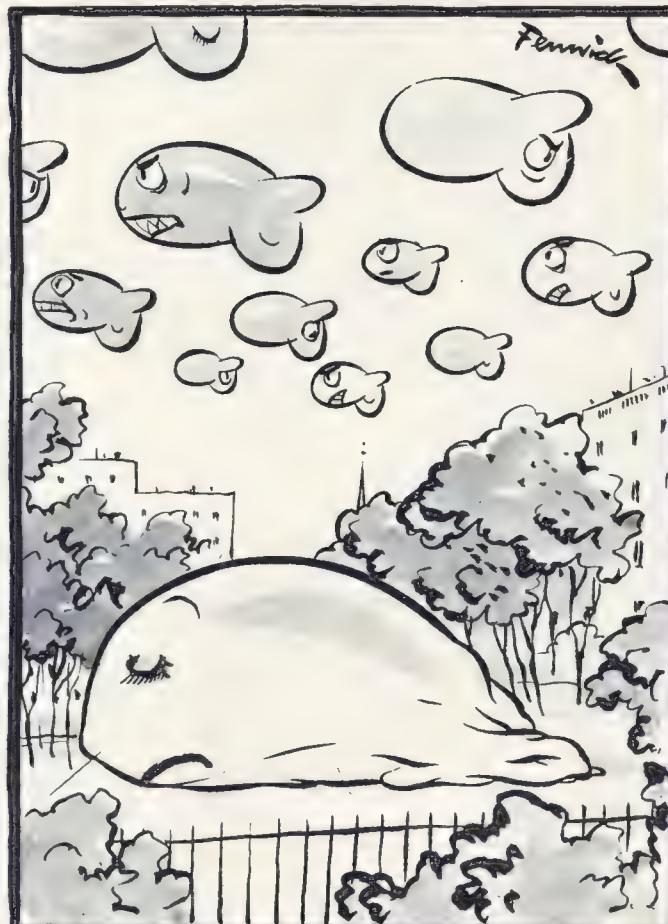
After the Kiel raid we heard from the German wireless a claim as to casualties. The Ministry of Information later issued a statement saying that the German claim was exaggerated. Then it issued a further statement saying that the German claim, which it had alleged was exaggerated, was not the first one, but a subsequent one (which neither I nor anyone else of my acquaintance heard). Now, in all this statement and counterstatement the Ministry showed its lack of psychological understanding. When a hard figure is boldly stated by an enemy wireless station, that figure sinks in, and it can only be countered by a hard fact. If the Ministry of Information, instead of issuing vague generalisations, had stated what the casualties in machines were, it would have been believed by the public.



Charles E. Brown

VICE-ADMIRAL G. C. C. ROYLE, C.B., C.M.G.

A pre-Hitler war snapshot taken in H.M.S. "Ark Royal." Vice-Admiral Royle, who has a very distinguished record of war service, previously flew his flag in the ill-fated "Courageous," and had been Rear-Admiral Aircraft - Carriers since 1937



DUTY AND REPOSE !



"Casino" Models from the new collection of

ELIZABETH HENRY 24, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, W.1.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"**M**IN', noo, an' dinna los yer gas-masks, children," said the Scottish teacher. "Yer life may be dependin' on them. An' whit's mair im-poart-ant, if ye los them, yer faither 'll hae tae buy ye a new yin."

* * *

The judge stared down at the hardened criminal.

"James Smith," he stated in icy tones, "I have your record before me. I have just examined it, and I am astounded. I would like to state that in all my years on the Bench I have never run across a criminal more vicious and depraved than you are. It seems to me that you have no regard for the rights of your fellow-man. You have stolen, plundered, assaulted, and maimed. You have shot at officers of the law. You have beaten defenceless men and women who refused your unlawful demands. There is no crime too low for your debased mind."

The judge paused for a moment.

"I hereby sentence you to twenty years' hard labour. Now, have you anything to say?"

The gangster grinned.

"Yes," he murmured. "To-day is my birthday."

"Your birthday?" echoed the judge. "And what about it?"

The criminal appeared hurt.

"Well," he said with a pout, "ain't you goin' to congratulate me?"

* * *

"The spirit of your late wife is here," announced the medium to the sitter, after the usual preliminaries.

The husband was silent.

"Don't you understand?" pleaded the medium. "You may speak to her."

"If that is really my late wife," said the other, calmly, "she'll begin of her own accord."

* * *

A friend called upon a guest at an hotel, knocked, and asked him to open the door.

"Can't; door's locked!" the voice within announced.

"Well, unlock it!" the caller requested.

"Can't; lost the key!"

"Great Scott, man! What will you do if there is a fire?"

"I won't go."

* * *

He drained his third glass of neat brandy and ordered another.

"I say, old man," said his friend, in horrified concern. "All these brandies—haven't you some regard for the lining of your stomach?"

"The lining of my stomach?" replied the seasoned one. "My dear old chap—for the past twenty years I've been working on the lining of my waistcoat!"

* * *

"You really have a wonderful collection of books," complimented the visitor; "but you should have more shelves."

"Yes," admitted his host, "I should really. But, somehow, I never have had the nerve to try and borrow shelves."



"I THINK I COULD PUT MORE FEELING INTO IT WITH THIS ONE, SARG!
IT REMINDS ME OF ME MOTHER-IN-LAW!"

Two revellers were driving along the highway when a policeman stopped them.

"Look here," he demanded, "what's the idea of driving backwards?"

"Backwards?"

"Yes!" snapped the arm of the law. "Backwards!" They looked at each other.

"I say," mused the second one, "no wonder it's taking us so long to get home."

* * *

It was his first morning on a beat, and the young constable was feeling very important. So when he had to reprimand a motorist he did so sternly.

"Didn't you see the traffic-light against you?"

"No, officer," said the motorist.

"Didn't you see me wave my hand?"

"I'm afraid I didn't."

"But you must have heard me blow my whistle?"

"I really didn't."

The young constable seemed downcast.

"I'd better go home," he said sadly. "I'm a failure here."

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The patented Airollasta tricot controls you gently but firmly and massages you continuously. A Belt by Roussel, exquisitely made by hand, is fashioned to your own measurements and according to your own personal foundation requirements. Nevertheless, a Belt by Roussel need cost you no more than 2 Gns.



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Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER.—As a Cockney visitor, stranded at the charming little seaside village of St. Jean des Monts, remarked to me: "Reely, naow, it don't seem possible, do it?" A Sunday morning serenity had invaded that placid corner of *la Vendée*. The church bells were making their usual clangour and the only other sounds to be heard were the rustle of the waves on the beach and the crackling of the pine-needles—or do I mean fir-cones?—that were "brilling in the slithy grove" under a scorching sun which would have been so welcome last July, but which now seems slightly ironic. I had been driving an antiquated lorry, without head-lights, over unfamiliar roads half the night, and I had gone down to the sea for a freshener before breakfast. Breakfast came with me in the guise of Thermos-and-last-night's-sandwich. It was probably quite a nice sandwich when it started out, but in the darkness someone had evidently mistaken my provision case for the tool-bag, and it's amazing what an unpleasant flavour an oily rag can impart.

However, I had a glorious swim, followed by a less glorious but sufficient meal, and a long and blessedly dreamless sleep in the shadow of a big rock. I was awakened by the aforementioned tourist, who tripped over my feet. Kismet! There were countless rocks on the deserted beach rising towards an equally deserted forest of pine-trees, and yet, in all that empty space, two British-born human beings (this one very proud of being half-French, too!) had to tumble over each other's feet! Naturally, we got a-talkin'. She was a blonde and buxom, happy-go-lucky creature on a first visit to France with a boy friend. The boy friend had dutifully departed to England and Home, leaving Beauty behind to get her full money's-worth out of the *logeuse* to whom they had paid board and lodging in advance. "These Frenchies can cook," she told me; "even in a little place like this 'ere, the meenooos read like them what that there Monseer Boul-ess-tin writes abaht. . . . And as fer tastiness! Oo-er!" I wondered how the lady came to know anything about our modern Brillat-Savarin, and diplomatically worded questions brought forth the information that her sister had been cook-housekeeper to Margaret Chute, who is that rare thing, a female *gourmet*, and Margaret had wisely sent her Abigail to attend Marcel Boulestin's cooking classes. This set me day-dreaming. . . . Wondering where the war (the New one) had found Marcel. Probably at Capbreton, in the Landes, where he has such a delightful Basque house.

I have no news of Spinelly, who is usually at Bidart in August, but who was on tour this summer. Alice Delysia, her neighbour in the same part of the world, was, I believe, already rehearsing in London. Wars are lucky for Alice. Nineteen-fourteen brought her out of the obscurity of small parts in Paris to stardom in London, and the mere menace of this one seems to have brought her back to the West End. This, of course, is probably ancient, and certainly very unimportant, history as things go now. I have been moving about so much that the English newspaper in which I read of her theatrical activities was a fortnight old. If you add that fortnight to the time that must elapse before this reaches you. . . . Queen Anne is indeed dead. A ten-day-old, and therefore pre-New-War, letter reached me, also, from Sir John Pollock, whose play, "The Merry Monarch," was such a



SPINELLY

A recent picture of the little lady who is always the "rage of Paris," and is as brilliant as she is attractive. She was amusing Parisians all last winter and is sure to repeat her success whenever she next appears



LYNN BARI ON HOLIDAY

Lovely Lynn Bari is in the cast of *Hotel for Women*, shortly coming from Twentieth Century-Fox. An interesting newcomer to the screen in this film is Elsa Maxwell, café-society's famous hostess, who will be seen as a sufficiently *désinvolte* foster-mother to the lovelies in the women's hotel, who, besides Lynn, include Ann Sothern and another newcomer, Linda Darnell

brilliant success with the English Players in Paris last July, and would have been produced in London this autumn if only Hitler had slipped up on a bit of orange-peel in August. He—John, not t'other fellow—bitterly complains that "no one over fifty is so much as looked at for active service in England." He and his charming French wife and their young son are (or were when the letter was posted) at their summer home at Montgailhard, in the Pyrénées of l'Ariège, one of the beauty spots of *la belle France*, especially for them as likes mountins! I still don't care for them myself, preferring exercise on the level or in salt water, and now I hate 'em more than ever since my stable mate has been sent "Somewhere in the Vosges," which I really don't think fair to a bloke of fifty-eight who was badly knocked about in the '14-'18 jamboree. However, it's all on the knees of the gods, and there is nothing one can do about it 'cept try and look pleasant, drive wonky lorries in order to keep one's mind off one's troubles and pretend to oneself that one is useful. In small towns and villages, usefulness is greatly a matter of opportunity. Many of the country Mayors I have come across hardly shine when it comes to organising, and oh! how they hate the responsibility of making a decision. Nevertheless, they muddle through quite successfully, if not comfortably! But to return to my chance acquaintance. I wound up my morning on the beach by lunching with her. The lidy was right about her *logeuse*'s culinary talents! The repast was Lucullan! All the same, I have a feeling that she will appreciate a "cut from the joint and veges" when she gets back to her native Marylebone.

PRISCILLA.

You'll be three shades more

SENTIMENTAL



'I'VE a presentiment' says Peggy Sage, 'that fingertips are going to follow dresses and go sentimental. Women are climbing back on to their pedestals. Crinolines are in. 'Femmes Fatales' are out. Men are adoring again—and (here's the finger-tip news) polishes are a sentimental accompaniment to the frou-frou of frills, soft little hands—and revival of the hand-kissing art! So please, if you've a presentiment you'd like to try some sentiment, rush round to the nearest store (or the Peggy Sage Salon) and see

PEGGY SAGE'S SENTIMENTAL TRIO:

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NOSEGAY—Soft and sentimental—to wear with flounces, ruffles, lace. A muted accompaniment to violets, and cyclamen; to the new pastels and the surrealist 'blue-greens' that are pouring out of Paris.

GOLDRUSH—for sentiment of the sea, the sands, the rich brown earth—for hands that seem dipped in sunlight—Goldrush—gold-toned, creamy,—subtle shade to wear with sun-kissed skin and dresses in the new golds, hennas and desert browns.

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Photos: Bateman
ALSO: MISS DIANA COLVIN AND MISS APRIL WATSON AT THE SEA HOLE



JUST MARRIED:
MR. AND MRS. THOMAS HUBBARD



MISS BETTY McCALL, ENGAGED TO MR. ROBERT HOARE, M.F.H. (WEST NORFOLK)



ANOTHER WAR ENGAGEMENT: MISS EILEEN GALLOWAY AND F/O JOHN GILLIES

A mixed but most pleasing bag of some of the people who do not care a hoot for Hitler or any of his gang who were beaten before the start, only they did not know it. Those in the cheery foursome at the top of this page are the two daughters of Lady Dorothy Charteris (daughter of Lord Kenmare) and formerly wife of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor, Colonel and Mrs. George Grahame's daughter and Miss Rosie Newman, who is Sir Cecil Newman's sister. Miss Diana Colvin, who is in the other North Berwick picture, is a daughter of Brigadier-General Sir George and Lady Colvin. As to the wedding bells side of things Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hubbard, the R.A.F. and the bride, the daughter of the late Mr. C. C. Branch and Mrs. Branch, had a country wedding at Boxgrove Priory, Chichester. Miss McCall, well known with the Westmeath and a heroine for the saving of her groom's life from drowning in a canal, is marrying another hunting enthusiast, Mr. Robert Hoare, who took over the West Norfolk in 1937. Another wedding impending at the moment is Miss Eileen Galloway's to Flying-Officer John Arthur Gillies, son of Sir Harold Gillies, F.R.C.S., one of the foremost plastic surgeons in the world



Shopping by post can be great fun if you buy from the right shop. For years and years Jenners have been selling clothes to smart women all over the world. The accumulated experience of the Letter Order Department deals intelligently with every inquiry. Lovely booklets and catalogues are frequently issued, and several are to be had now. There are more than sixty departments, including: *Gowns, coats, furs, knitwear, hats, lingerie, clothes for boys and girls, shoes, silk stockings, toilet and perfumery, books, men's wear, linen, china and glass.*

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The Highway of FASHION

BY M.E.BROOK



ALTHOUGH fashions may be simple this autumn there is no reason why they must be depressing. Burberrys in the Haymarket are leading the way. Naturally, they are very busy with service uniforms for men and women; it seems almost unnecessary to reiterate the fact that the materials have no rivals to fear unless it be the excellence of the cut, and of course they excel in accessories, including khaki wool taffeta shirts, gloves, service caps and llama wool gloves. To them must be given the credit of the reversible coat and suit on this page. Gabardine has been used for the coat with sleeves cut on raglan lines and lined with showerproof tweed to match the colour scheme of the suit

THE war is responsible for the development of many novelties. These include the invisible metal skull cap which is destined to be worn beneath a felt or other hat; it protects the head from splinters and falling glass, and is quite inexpensive—merely a few shillings. Again there are luminous flowers, including special carnations for men, that may be worn throughout the day. The tiny daisies, in the form of pins, suggest glow-worms in the black-outs, and then there are the small brooches composed of a wreath of flowers. Of gas mask carriers there is a variety; those in the form of a round tin are very popular

ALWAYS useful and delightfully warm are the twin sets and pullovers at Fenwick's, 63 New Bond Street. The one at the top of the page on the right is of angora; the pullover has long sleeves and straight neck. It is one guinea and so is the snug coat which accompanies it, with its deep welted waist. The "ribster" model at the base of the page is 29s. 6d; a strong point in favour of this angora is that it does not "shed." Fenwick's are likewise making a feature of turbans in a variety of styles, two of which are illustrated. Some are of cashmella and others of stockinette, but in all instances the price is fifteen shillings; by the way, it must not be overlooked that they will fit any head, which is an advantage



Go Gay
by day



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Left. Smart Walking Dress in soft wool of attractive check colourings. Blue, rose, green predominating. 38-44 hips - 63/-
Hat in felt, high point front, petersham band to contrast - 27/9

Centre. A new note in Tucking effectively used in soft wool. This delightfully smart dress is obtainable in all colours and in sizes up to 44 hips - - - - - 5½ gns.
Hat in brown felt, whirling brim at side caught satin bows - 39/9

Top. Short-sleeved Tailored Blouse in reliable crepon, trimmed stitching. All sizes and a variety of colours - - - - - 25/9

Bottom. Smart Shirt Blouse with long sleeves, made in Lusanne crepe. All sizes in ivory, honey, turquoise or blush pink - 25/9

• Millinery Catalogue sent free

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MRS. E. T. G. KELLY

The former Miss Loraine Dickson, youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. G. B. Dickson, Crossways, Woodspine, who was married recently at St. James's, Piccadilly, to Mr. Edward Trenchard Greene Kelly, elder son of the late Sir Henry Greene Kelly and Lady Greene Kelly, of Wolverton, Dorset

the Reverend H. L. and Mrs. Kewley, Presteigne.

* * *

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Mr. Euan Owens Watson, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Watson, of Chalfont Grove, Chalfont St. Giles, and Miss Gladys Gordon Catto, second daughter of Lord and Lady Catto; Mr. Francis James Claude Piggott, elder son of Major-General F. S. G. Piggott, C.B., D.S.O., H.M.'s Military Attaché in Japan, and Mrs. Piggott, British Embassy, Tokyo, and Miss Muriel Joan Cottam, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cottam, of Moorside, Rotherham; Mr. John Francis Colledge, only son of Captain and Mrs. John Theodore Colledge, of Stall-pits, Shrivenham, Swindon, and Miss Diana Mary

Marrying Today.

The wedding takes place today between Mr. Guy Norman May, only son of Doctor and Mrs. Norman May, The White House, Sonning, Berks, and Miss Hazel Isabel James, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. Leslie James.

* * *

Marrying Abroad.

The wedding will take place shortly in Malta between Lieutenant Desmond Wakely, elder son of Brigadier A. V. T. Wakely, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Wakely, Eastern Command, India, and Miss Joan Kewley, elder daughter of

the Reverend H. L. and Mrs. Kewley, Presteigne.

* * *

Preston, second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Richard Preston, of Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey; Pilot-Officer Robert Ian Swarder, R.A.F., only son of the late Lieutenant Norman Swarder and Mrs. Swarder, of Tintagel, Cornwall, and Miss Audrey

Janet Ridley, daughter of Major and Mrs. E. K. Ridley, of Dudsweil, Berkhamsted; Mr. Robin Lindsay Cotton, only son of the Rev. and Mrs. G. V. Cotton, of Rickinghall Rectory, Diss, Norfolk, and Miss Gabrielle Catherine Bruzaud, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

Sidney Bruzaud, of Little Orchard, Walton-on-Thames; Captain Lionel Claude Bower, younger son of the late Mr. Maurice Bower and Mrs. Maurice Bower, Bagbere, Sturminster Newton, Dorset, and Miss Nancy Cynthia Holland, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Holland, Sandell's House, West Amesbury, Wiltshire; Captain Geoffrey Clinton Wilson, elder son of Lieutenant-General Sir Roger Wilson, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., and Lady Wilson, New Delhi, and Mlle Jeanne D'Arc Colette Tiersonnier, daughter of M. and Mme Philippe Tiersonnier, of Moulins Allier, France; Lieutenant Walter Fenton, R.N., second son of Mr. R. R. Fenton and Mrs. Fenton, of Stonycross, Lyndhurst, Hants, and Miss Beatrice Rawson, elder daughter of Captain H. Rawson, R.N., and Mrs. Rawson, at the Mombasa Club, Kenya.



MR. AND MRS. JOHN SUNTER

After their recent marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Yvonne Barrenger, only child of Councillor and Mrs. Edgar H. Barrenger, of Bodiam Court, Hove, Sussex, and the bridegroom is Mr. John Sunter, elder son of the late Mr. W. Sunter and Mrs. Sunter, of Richmond, Yorks.



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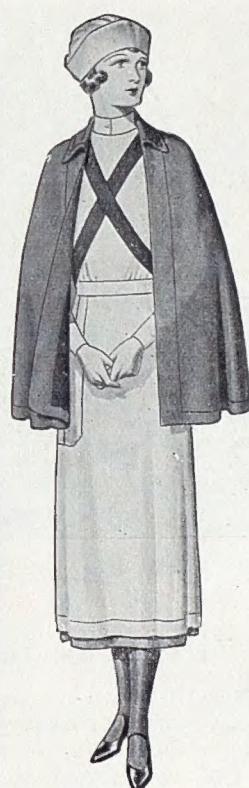
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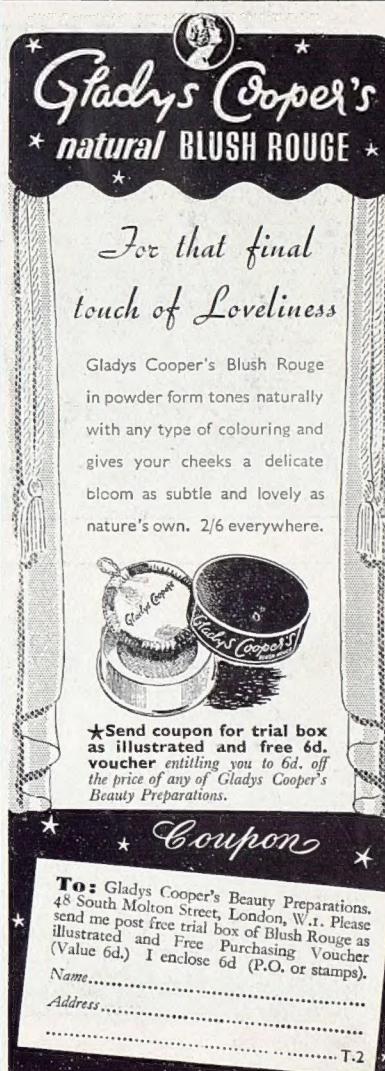
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DEERHOUND

Fall

Property of Miss M. M. Bell

place, later on other parks, and even Richmond, were apparently splendid sport. The idea seems a perfectly excellent one, as many people are bored by walking or running round the park, and as a sport this interferes with no one. The size of the pack varies and at present consists of one Spaniel. It might be arranged in any locality which had a park or open ground, and would help many in the tiresome task of "getting fit." I expect quite a lot of people who read the article will be bitten by the idea and take to drag hunting.

The Deerhound is one of the finest of our native breeds. He has a long and romantic history behind him, but that is not all; he has a delightful character which has enabled him to take his place as a companion, when his work ended. Deerhounds are beautiful to look at, intelligent and devoted. What more do you want? Miss Bell owns one of the foremost kennels of Deerhounds. She sends a photograph of Ch. Vera of Enterkine, famous daughter of Ch. Freda of Enterkine. She is determined to carry on, but has an eighteen-months-old bitch, and two puppies to give away. The bitch is very sweet natured and affectionate. Miss Bell has bought a cow and some hens, and says "No doubt rabbits will follow," so she is preparing for action. She is also

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

There was a delightful article in *The Times* a short time ago about drag hunting in London, describing how the writer and his brother, wishing to take exercise, started a drag hunt with the help of two Terriers and a Spaniel. At first the hunt was confined to Hyde Park where many good hunts took place, later on other parks, and even Richmond, were apparently splendid sport. The idea seems a perfectly excellent one, as many people are bored by walking or running round the park, and as a sport this interferes with no one. The size of the pack varies and at present consists of one Spaniel. It might be arranged in any locality which had a park or open ground, and would help many in the tiresome task of "getting fit." I expect quite a lot of people who read the article will be bitten by the idea and take to drag hunting.

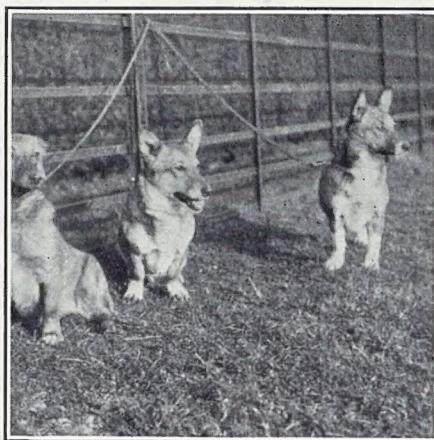
willing to take a few first-class dogs as boarders, but will only take really good dogs. Any breed is welcome, and I can say from personal knowledge that Miss Bell's kennels are really good, with plenty of room for exercise. It is also within easy reach of London at Bray.

A very charming breed is the King Charles Spaniel, attractive and full of character. He has just become popular again, though why he ever went out of favour is a thing no one can tell. Mrs. de Pedro is a breeder of King Charles Spaniels, all four colours; the photograph is one of the ladies of her establishment. There are usually puppies of this attractive breed for sale, and it is to be hoped Mrs. de Pedro will carry on, as these little dogs are not difficult to keep, and it would be a terrible pity to let such an attractive breed die out, but I feel sure Mrs. de Pedro will see her family does not.

Though the Corgi has only been known for a short time, he is now most popular both as a companion and for show. Mrs. Stratton has a kennel of Corgis and has a bitch she wants to sell. The lady is four years old, and has won at championship shows; she is very affectionate and adores children. Mrs. Stratton is only selling her to make room.

I have a letter from a refugee veterinary surgeon who comes from Vienna. He is anxious to get a post in a farm, stable or kennels. His wife is an excellent Viennese cook and they want a situation together. He has all the necessary papers and permits, and can be interviewed in London.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

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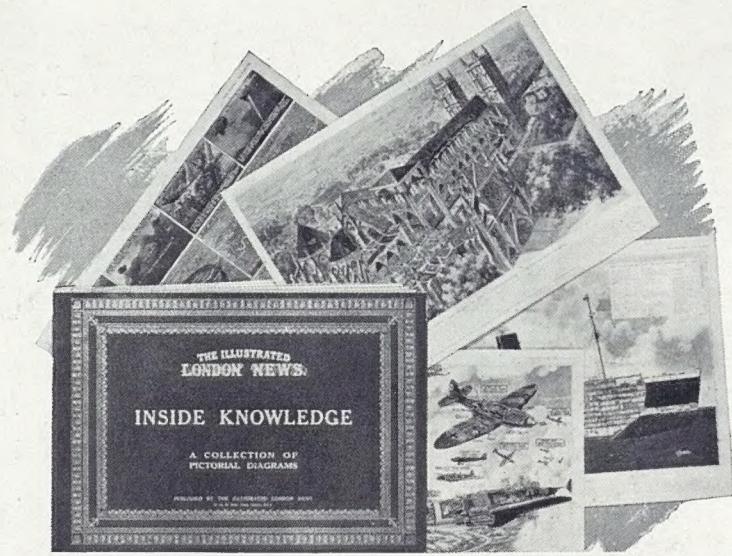
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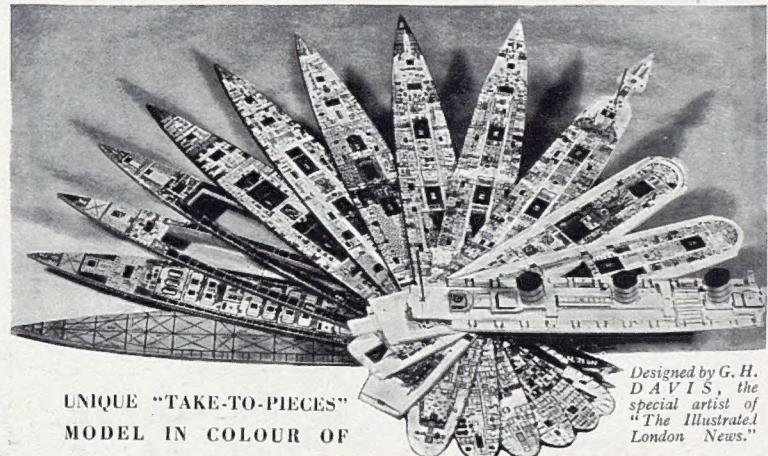
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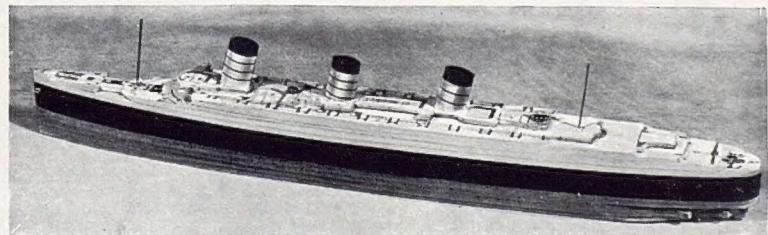
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